BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 14

NUTTY

IR-23p (Inc. VAT)

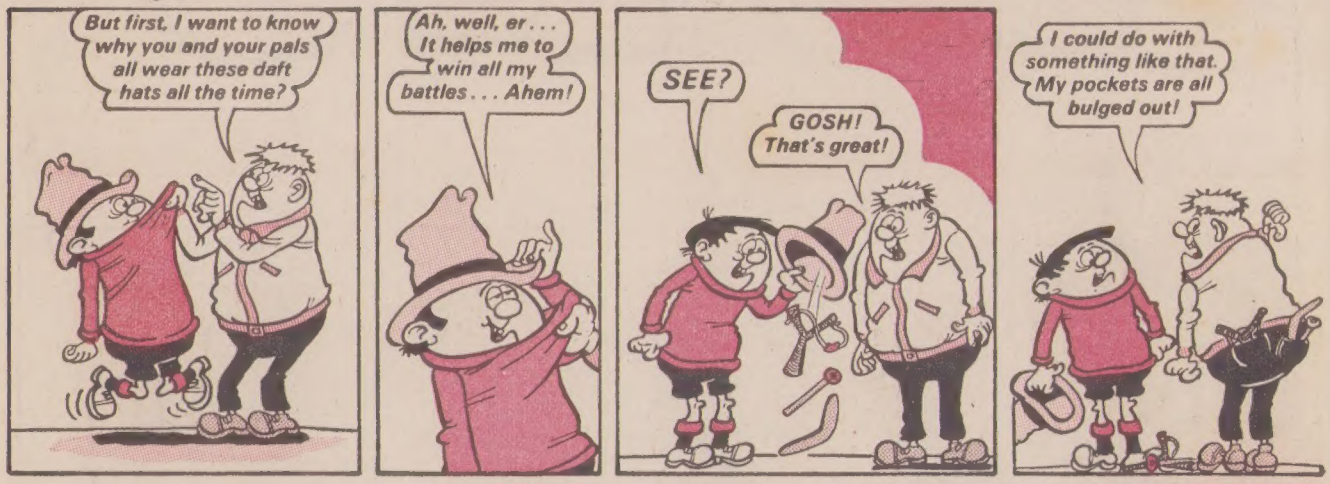
No. 183 August 13th, 1983 EVERY SATURDAY 16p

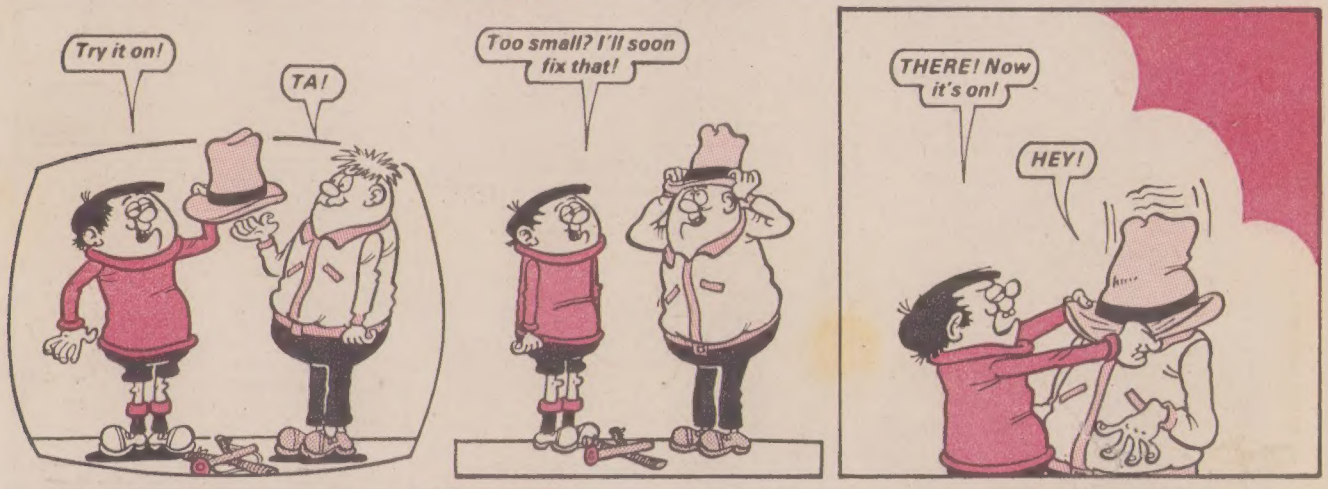
AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

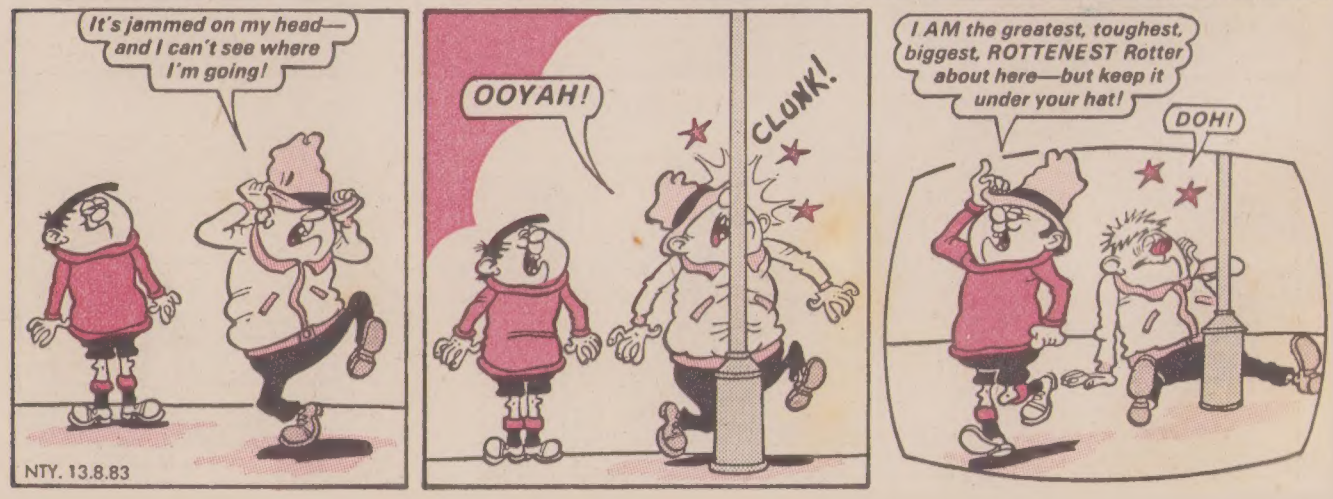
BANANAMAN
POW!
SIGH! It's been a tiring day being wonderful—hope there's something good on the telly.
I'M on the telly, Mister B—better than all those boring repeats.
CROW!?! I thought it was John RAVEN'S newsround!
SQUAWK!
SHOO, Bent-beak! Now to see what's REALLY on the old gogglebox.
SUFFERIN' SLOWWORMS! What an awful picture—unless it's a close-up of Tweet William's brain.
HERE'S THE REASON FOR THE WONKY PICTURE—
B'MAN'S VOICE
BAH! Must be the aerial at fault—wish I had an indoor one.
Try this one in the house then, Boss—it might improve your picture.
BAH! Might've guessed you'd had something to do with it.
A FEW BANANAMOMENTS LATER—
SQUAWK!
HEH! HE looks a pretty PICTURE now, Readers—AND there's plenty VOLUME.
Good evening! Here is the news . . .
BY JOVE! Crow's far better than an aerial—never seen a clearer picture.
TUNE IN TO THE CENTRE PAGES FOR THE REST OF THIS BANANAPROGRAMME.

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!


But first, I want to know why you and your pals all wear these daft hats all the time?
Ah, well, er . . . It helps me to win all my battles . . . Ahem!
SEE?
GOSH! That's great!
I could do with something like that. My pockets are all bulged out!



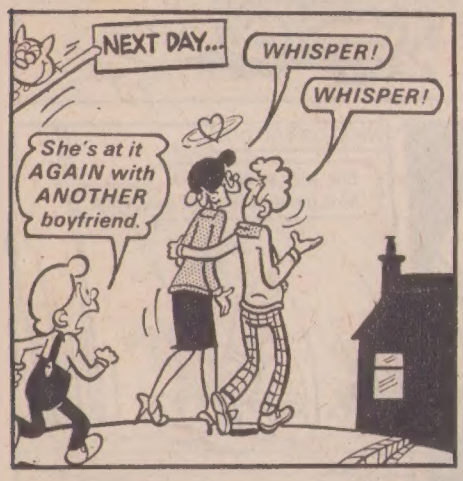

It's jammed on my head— and I can't see where I'm going!
OOYAH!
CLUNK!
I AM the greatest, toughest, biggest, ROTTENEST Rotter about here—but keep it under your hat!
DOH!

NTY. 13.8.83

PETER Pest

WHISPER! WHISPER! WHISPER!
WHISKER!
It beats me what Doris and her boyfriends always get to whisper about.

Hmph! Just a load of boring sweet nothings!
WHISPER! SWEET NOTHINGS! WHISPER!


NEXT DAY...
WHISPER!
WHISPER!
She's at it AGAIN with ANOTHER boyfriend.

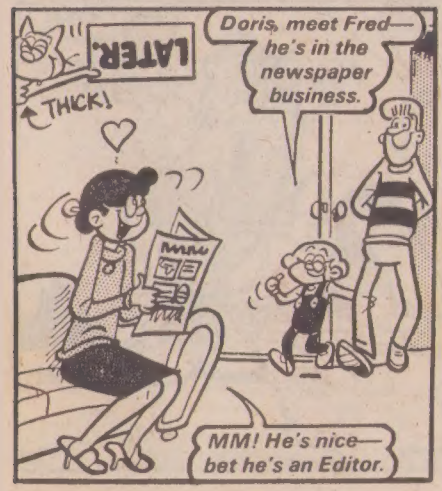
WHISPER!
PROD
What's the big secret? Come on, you can tell me.

CROAK! I've got a sore throat. WHISPER!
Are you trying to be funny, Peter?
Oo-er!

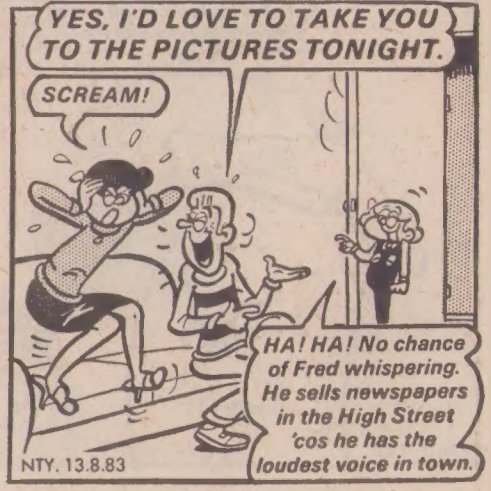
NEXT DAY...
Now to find out what THEY'RE saying—bet it's about me.
PARK RULES DONT!
WHISP . . . WHISP . . .

TWANNG!
WOW!
THUD!
UGH!
OOF!

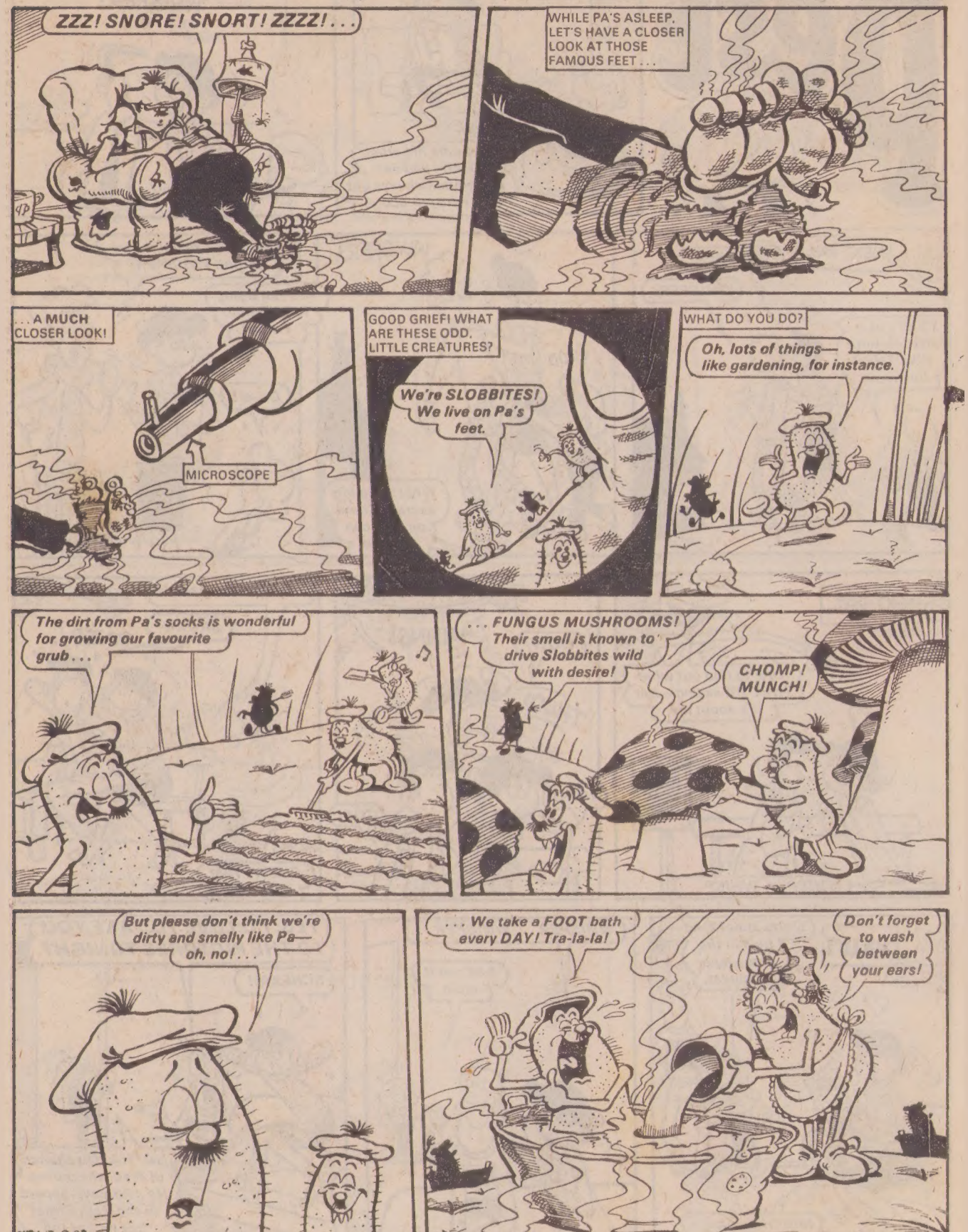
Wh-what happened?
GROAN!
DAZED!
PHEW! That was close.

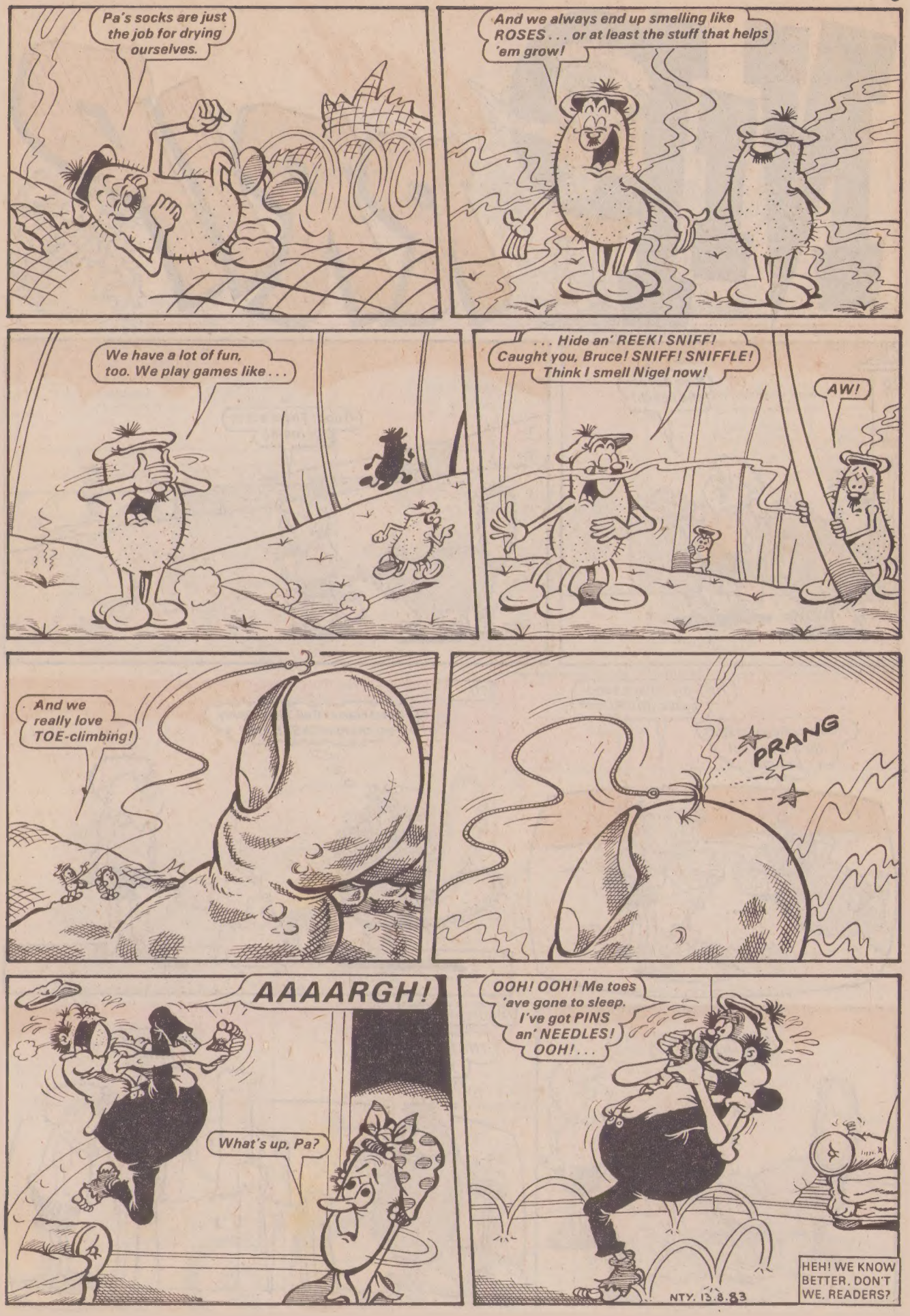

LATER.
THICK!
Doris, meet Fred—he's in the newspaper business.
MM! He's nice—bet he's an Editor.

WHISPER . . . WHISPER . . .
She's at it again.

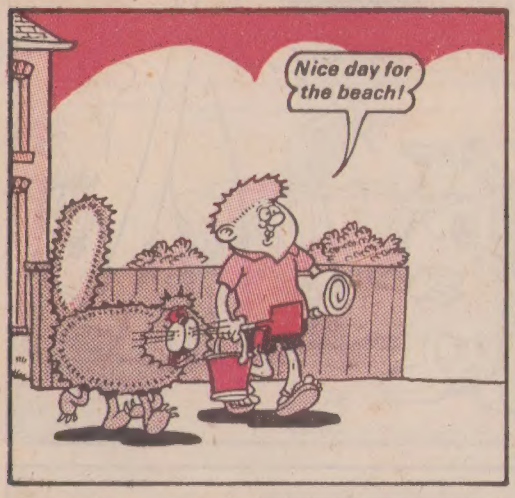

YES, I'D LOVE TO TAKE YOU TO THE PICTURES TONIGHT.
SCREAM!
HA! HA! No chance of Fred whispering. He sells newspapers in the High Street 'cos he has the loudest voice in town.
NTY. 13.8.83

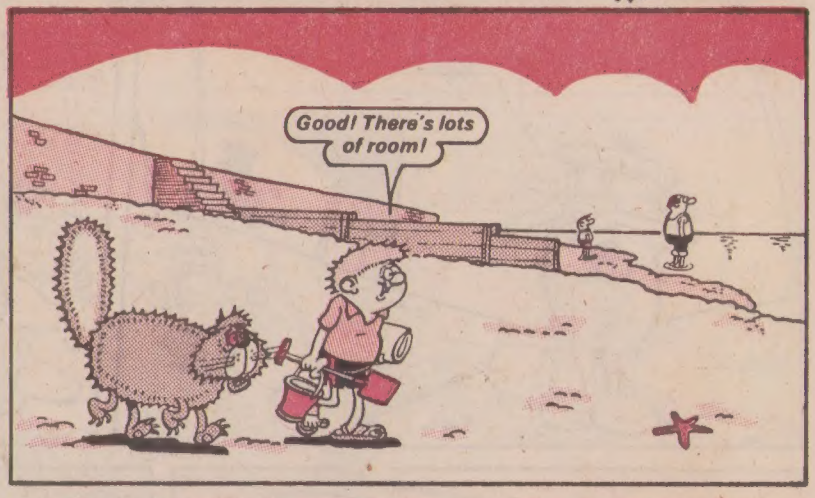
The Snobbs And the SLOBBS


ZZZ! SNORE! SNORT! ZZZZ!...
WHILE PA'S ASLEEP, LET'S HAVE A CLOSER LOOK AT THOSE FAMOUS FEET...
...A MUCH CLOSER LOOK!
MICROSCOPE
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT ARE THESE ODD, LITTLE CREATURES?
We're SLOBBITES! We live on Pa's feet.
WHAT DO YOU DO?
Oh, lots of things— like gardening, for instance.
The dirt from Pa's socks is wonderful for growing our favourite grub...
...FUNGUS MUSHROOMS! Their smell is known to drive Slobbites wild with desire!
CHOMP! MUNCH!
But please don't think we're dirty and smelly like Pa— oh, no!...
...We take a FOOT bath every DAY! Tra-la-la!
Don't forget to wash between your ears!
NTY. 13.8.83

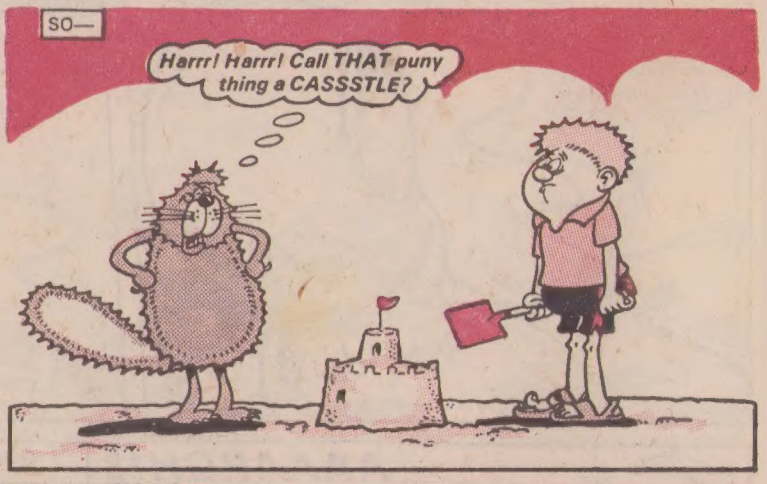

Pa's socks are just the job for drying ourselves.
And we always end up smelling like ROSES . . . or at least the stuff that helps 'em grow!
We have a lot of fun, too. We play games like . . .
. . . Hide an' REEK! SNIFF! Caught you, Bruce! SNIFF! SNIFFLE! Think I smell Nigel now!
AW!
And we really love TOE-climbing!
PRANG
AAAARGH!
What's up, Pa?
OOH! OOH! Me toes 'ave gone to sleep. I've got PINS an' NEEDLES! OOH! . . .
NTY. 13.8.83
HEH! WE KNOW BETTER, DON'T WE, READERS?

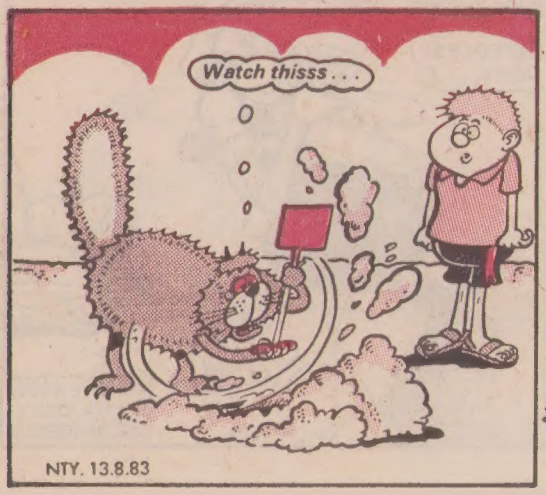
NIP and RRIP

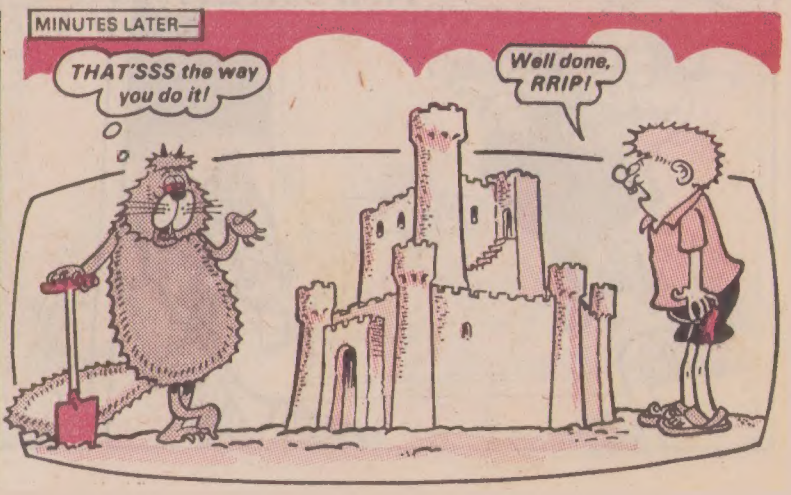

Nice day for the beach!

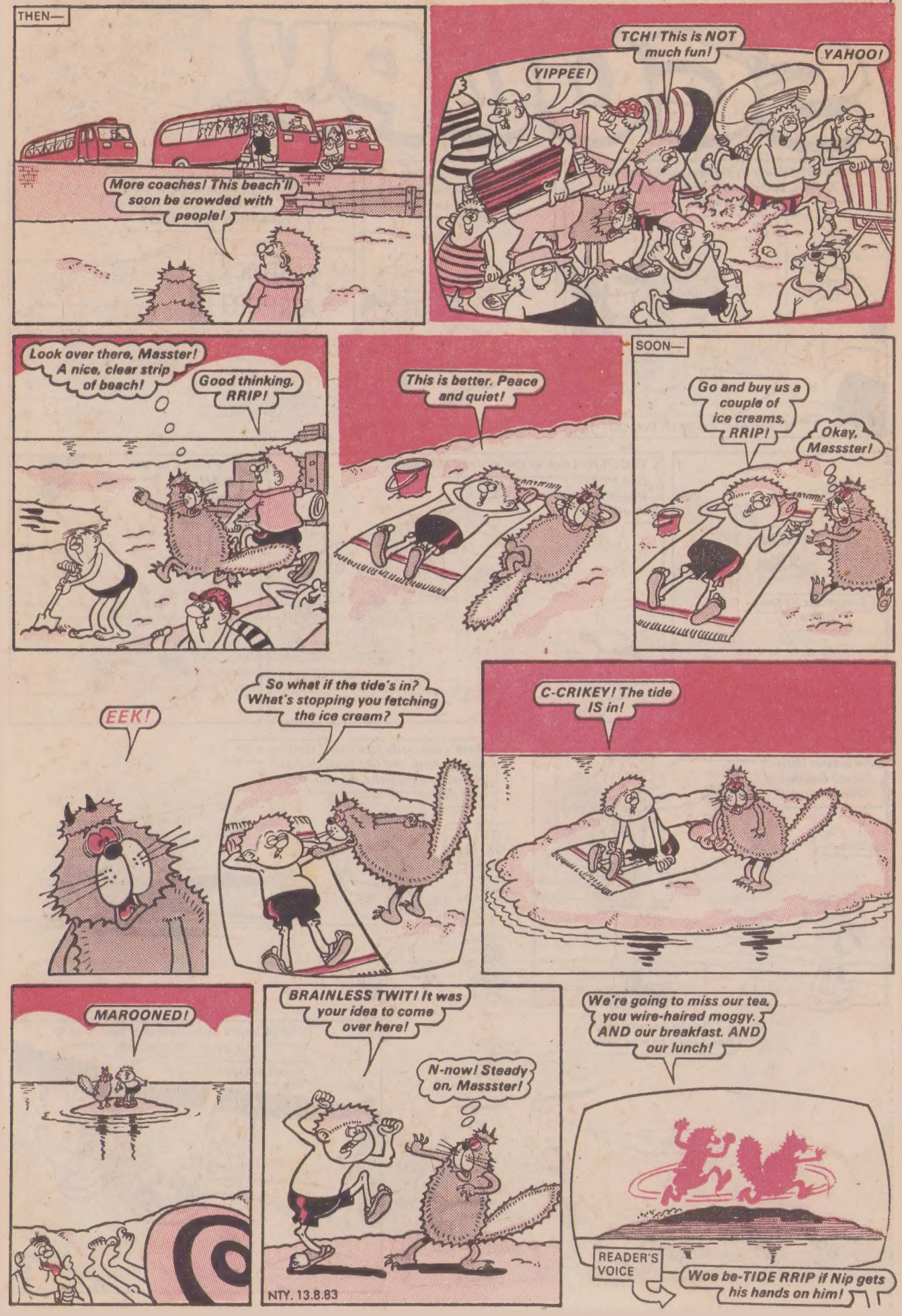

Good! There's lots of room!

Help me build a sand-castle, RRIP!
That's sssoppy ssstuff for a tough cat like me!


SO—
Harrr! Harrr! Call THAT puny thing a CASSSTLE?


Watch thisss . . .
NTY. 13.8.83


MINUTES LATER—
THAT'SSS the way you do it!
Well done, RRIP!


THEN—
More coaches! This beach'll soon be crowded with people!
YIPPEE!
TCH! This is NOT much fun!
YAHOO!
Look over there, Masster! A nice, clear strip of beach!
Good thinking, RRIP!
This is better. Peace and quiet!
SOON—
Go and buy us a couple of ice creams, RRIP!
Okay, Massster!
EEK!
So what if the tide's in? What's stopping you fetching the ice cream?
C-CRIKEY! The tide IS in!
MAROONED!
BRAINLESS TWIT! It was your idea to come over here!
N-now! Steady on, Massster!
NTY. 13.8.83
We're going to miss our tea, you wire-haired moggy. AND our breakfast. AND our lunch!
READER'S VOICE
Woe be-TIDE RRIP if Nip gets his hands on him!

SCOOPY!

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

THAT'S ME, FOLKS!

I've booked you a flying lesson, Scoopy. Take it, and do an article about it for the paper!

You bet! ROGER! WILCO!

FLYING? GOSH! I wonder what it will be like?

Ah! Here I am at the local airport. The flying school must be around here somewhere.

FLATWICK AIRPORT

FLYING SCHOOL

This must be the place!

G-GOSH! Look at the state of the place! Not what I imagined at all!

I'll knock on the . . . AAH! It's fallen down!

AHA! Come for your jolly old lesson then, Sport? Goodo! Come along!

GEE!

Here's the bally kite then! Getting a bit elderly now, the old trout, but still perfectly airworthy, as you can see!

GULP! Oh, yes! Great!

I'll take her up, then hand over to you. Okay?

O-okay!

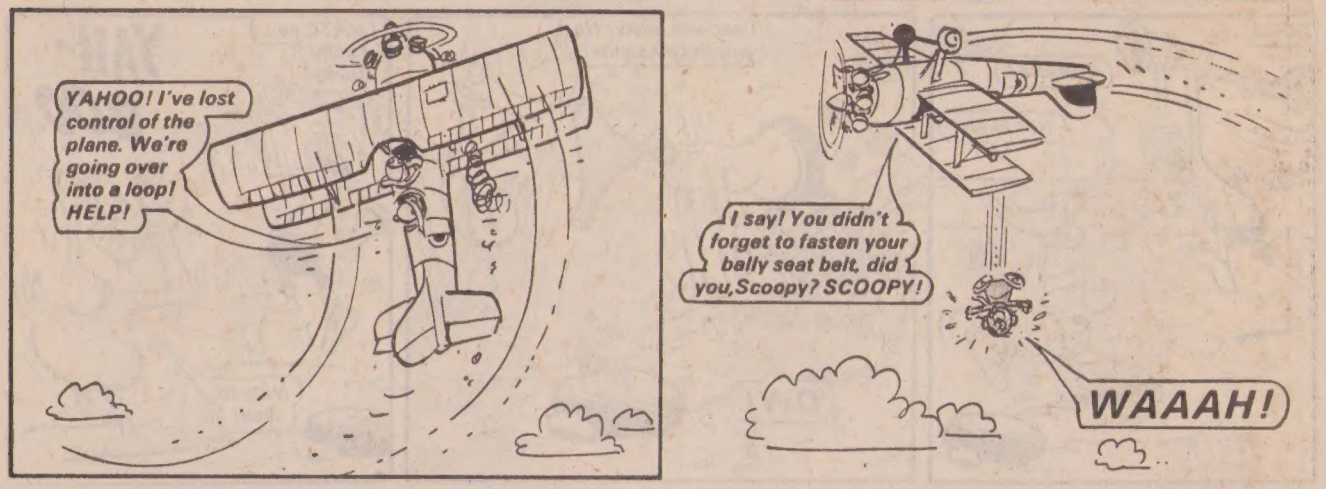
HOP SKIP JUMP

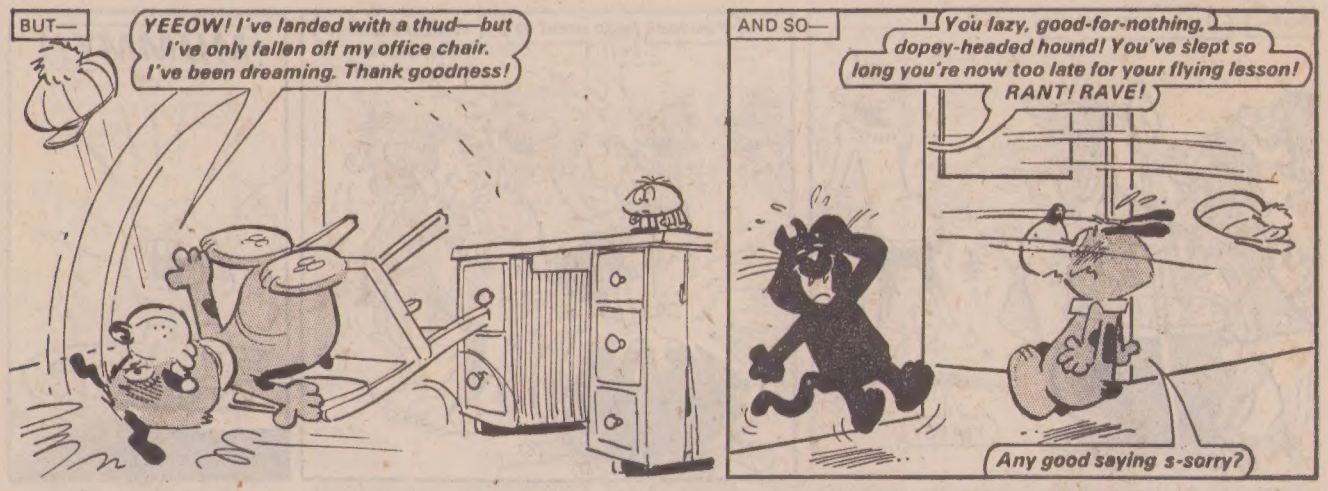
It's all yours now, Scoopy! You're in charge of the controls!

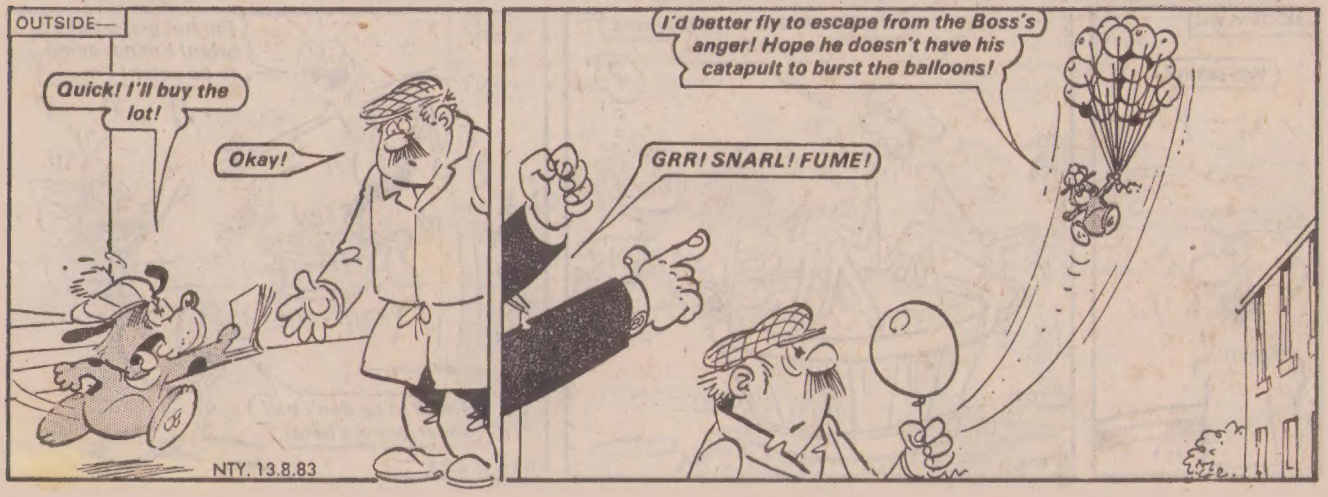
I am? WOW!

NTY. 13.8.83

HEY! This is easier than I thought it would be!
Spiffing, Scoopy!
LOOK! There's the Nutty News office down there!
WHERE?... AARGH! My scarf has blown over my eyes! I can't see!


YAHOO! I've lost control of the plane. We're going over into a loop! HELP!
I say! You didn't forget to fasten your bally seat belt, did you, Scoopy? SCOOPY!
WAAAH!


BUT—
YEEOW! I've landed with a thud—but I've only fallen off my office chair. I've been dreaming. Thank goodness!
AND SO—
You lazy, good-for-nothing, dopey-headed hound! You've slept so long you're now too late for your flying lesson! RANT! RAVE!
Any good saying s-sorry?


OUTSIDE—
Quick! I'll buy the lot!
Okay!
NTY. 13.8.83
I'd better fly to escape from the Boss's anger! Hope he doesn't have his catapult to burst the balloons!
GRR! SNARL! FUME!

LUCKY DUCKY
Salt . . . pepper . . .
MMM! Perfect! Now all I need is the final ingredient . . .
SUHURP!
. . . DUCK!
SO—
C'MERE!
Not likely!
That was lucky! He missed by a mile!
OW!
I HATE you, Lucky Ducky!
YAH-BOO
Nuts to you!
BUT—
AHA! DIN-DINS!
YIKES!
You look heap good to eat!
Wait! Please! I can explain!
MUMMY!
SUDDENLY—
Wh-what?
PHEW! That's a relief. It was only a dream!
?
I'm not going to be eaten! I'm not going to be eaten! I'm . . .
CRIKEY! You don't half meet 'em out here!
NTV. 13.8.83

SPORTS FAN
OH, YES!...
...WE'VE WON!
WE DID IT! WE WON!
YAHOO! BRILLIANT!
What a VICTORY!
For she's a jolly good captain! For she's a jolly good captain!...
Ah! There's a man from the press. He'll be wanting an interview.
SO—
I'd just like to say it was very close— could've gone either way...
...But the best team won, and...
WHEEE-EE-EEP!
Er... Excuse me!
Yes, Ref?
Would you mind kicking off now? Your opponents are keen to start the game.
Oh! Sure!
Heh! It's not often that Fan's team wins the TOSS!
NTY. 13.8.83

BANANA

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER.

. . . at this very moment there is a hold-up at Nuttytown Bank in Lower Street.

ZOINKS! In that case I must make toast!

PARDON?

No, wait a minute! What I really meant to say was 'I must make HASTE'!

Anyone could've made that mistake. Now to hurtle to the scene of the crime at the speed of a runaway cockroach.

Er, excuse me, Ma'am. Could you tell me where I can find Lower Street?

Eh? Oh, how awful.

SORE FEET, eh? Well, this vinegar treatment always worked for my Uncle Gilbert.

SIGH! This is the last time I ask HER for directions.

EVENTUALLY—

VINEGAR PONG

Wow! What's that?

Smells like a flying chip shop

Okay, Citizens. The danger's over. Where's the hold-up?

It's HIM!

Okay, Buster! Come quietly or I'll smack you up the snitch.

GERROFF! I won't be long. I'm just puttin' the money I've saved in not havin' my socks washed into my account.

PA SLOBB

OO-ER! So THAT'S the hold-up!

READ ALL ABOUT IT! BIG BANK ROBBERY IN UPPER STREET.

DRAT! And I'm too late.

GRRUMPH! What a wild goose chase that was!

And you've got a rather wild CROW still stuck up here, Mate.

Here is a News Flash. Trinket the Jeweller's is being robbed right now . . .

That's funny!

. . . A spokesman said, "There is nothing funny about a jewel robbery."

Hmm!?!

Yes there is. Especially when I'm told about it on a TV that isn't even PLUGGED IN!

Ahem! We seem to have a slight technical hitch.

So—it's that midget baddie, TV Crimes! Must've sneaked into my telly when I was tying Crow to the chimney.

EEK! This is the end of the news.

SOB! Okay, I admit I got you out of the way so I could rob that other bank. Have mercy! HOWL!

Stop blubbering! Now let me see.

NTY. 13.8.83

HO! HO! He's better than all the rubbish that's REALLY on tonight.

AND he's in colour!

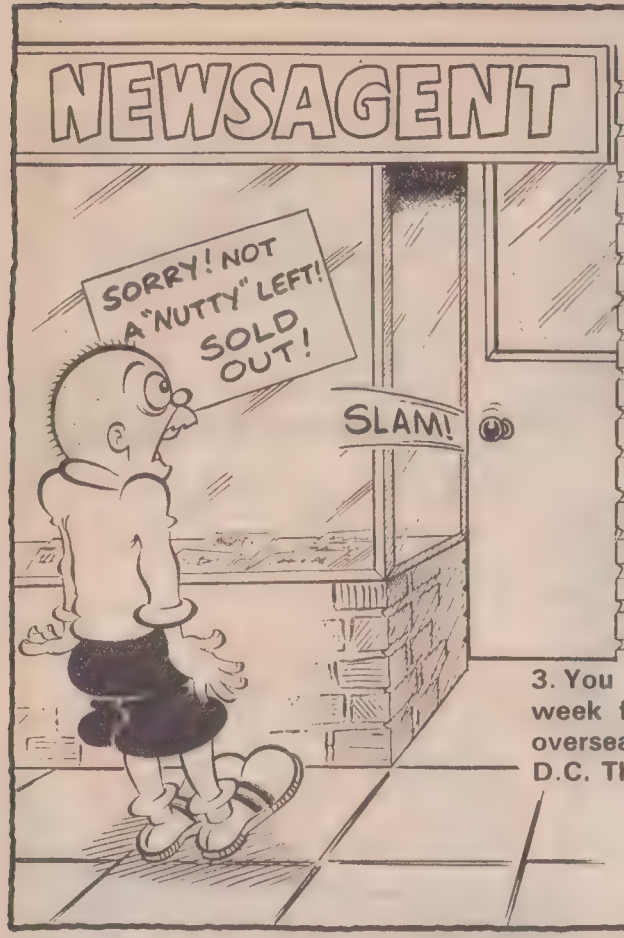
Why did the chicken cross the road? To watch a man lay a brick!

MORE TELLY BELLY LAUGHS NEXT WEEK

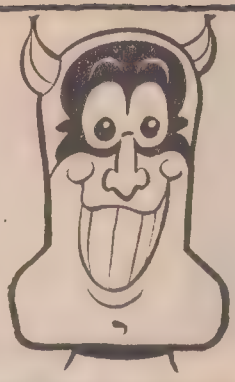
BANANAMAN'S PILLARBOX!

IF YOU'D LIKE A FANBANANATASTIC T-SHIRT LIKE MY FRIEND'S HERE, SEND ME A JOKE, DRAWING, POEM OR LETTER THAT'LL MAKE ME LAUGH. IF I PRINT IT, YOU'LL SOON BE WEARING ONE OF THESE!
Send your letters to: BANANAMAN, "NUTTY", P.O. Box 263, 20 Cathcart St., Kentish Town, London NW5 3BN.
Why was the apple tree crying?
Because everybody was picking on it!
JANE STEWART, HAMILTON.
JOANNE PENSON, SELSDON.
ER... YOU CAN TAKE THE PENALTY, GARRY!
BARRY HUGHES, COVENTRY.
HO! HO! Must tell that one to my GRANNY SMITH, Jane!
OH, NO! I MUST HAVE LEFT THE TELEVISION ON ALL NIGHT!
SPENCER EVANS, LIVERPOOL.
What do you get hanging from banana trees?
SORE ARMS!
MARK BUCHANAN, LANARKSHIRE.
Heh! That joke aPEELs to me!
What do you get if you cross a parrot with a centipede?
A WALKIE-TALKIE!
MATTHEW HADLEY, CANNOCK.
I suppose it'd be a HUNDRED FEET long too, Matthew!
NTY. 13.8.83

P.S. DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE (IN BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) WITH YOUR LETTER!



ARE YOU HAVING DIFFICULTY GETTING A COPY OF "NUTTY" EVERY WEEK? IF YOU ARE, HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS!



1. You can lock yourself in your room in a big huff and refuse to speak to anyone (especially someone who HAS got a " NUTTY ").

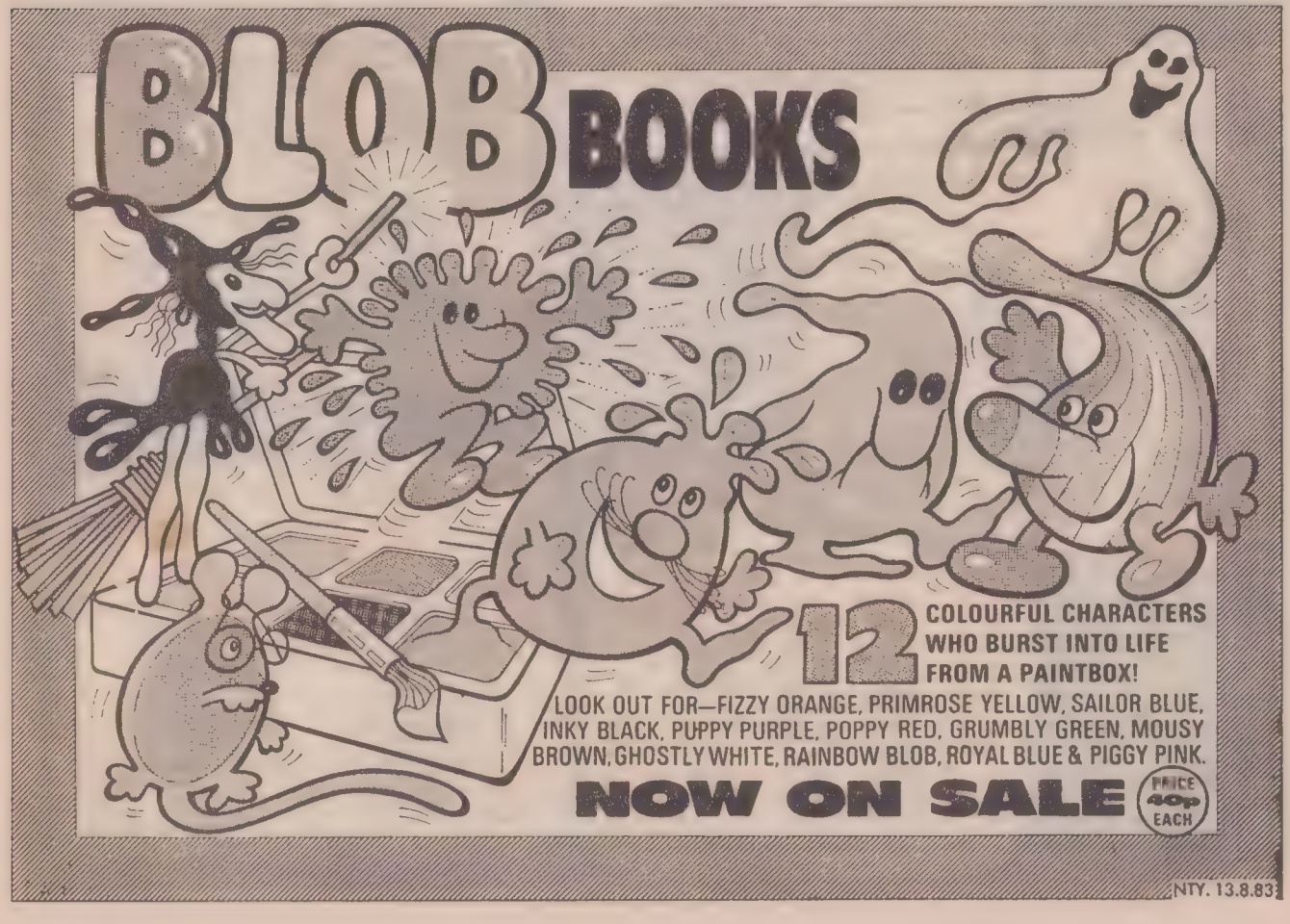
OR

2. You can place a regular order with your newsagent to make sure he keeps a copy for you.

OR

3. You can have a copy posted to your home every week for a whole YEAR for £14.82 (£17.30 if you live overseas). Cheques and Postal Orders made payable to D.C. Thomson & Co. Ltd., should be sent to—

Subscribers' Dept.,
D.C. Thomson & Co. Ltd.,
12 Bank Street,
DUNDEE DD1 9HU.


BLOB BOOKS
12 COLOURFUL CHARACTERS WHO BURST INTO LIFE FROM A PAINTBOX!
LOOK OUT FOR—FIZZY ORANGE, PRIMROSE YELLOW, SAILOR BLUE, INKY BLACK, PUPPY PURPLE, POPPY RED, GRUMBLY GREEN, MOUSY BROWN, GHOSTLY WHITE, RAINBOW BLOB, ROYAL BLUE & PIGGY PINK.
NOW ON SALE
PRICE 40p EACH
NTY. 13.8.83

NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
I surrender!
Okay, which of you said " hiss "?
I told you it wouldn't stand your weight, Fatty.
Mum, how do I know if I've got measles?
You can have anything you like for your last meal. How about a nice, juicy chop?
You can come out now, Jester . . . Sire has seen the joke!
The drawbridge fell on him!
Sorry, I never pick up hitch-hikers!
NTY. 13.8.83

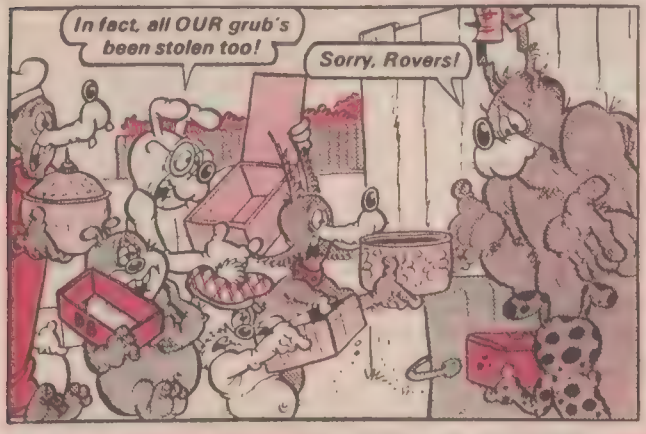
ZZZZ
SNOOZER
Lovely day for the beach!
ZZZ!
SO—
I'll go and get some ice creams!
ZZZ!
OOPS! I've accidentally dropped it!
Sorry, Son! AHEM!
WAAGH!
GRR! That was a rotten trick to play on me! I'm off for a swim!
Ho! Ho!
READER'S VOICE
Looks like Snoozer is doing the REST stroke!
ZZZ!
PADDLE
PADDLE
SOON—
All that swimming's made me tired. Time for a sleep!
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
Aw, Dad!
It's about time you did something other than sleepi... Like THIS!
SANDCASTLE BUILDING COMPETITION ALL WELCOME
GROAN!
AND SO—
Wonder how Snoozer's getting on?
WAAGH! All the other kids have built sandcastles. Snoozer's built a sand BED!
NTY. 13.8.83

SINGH SONGH
HAGGIS
LADY
SILLY VILLY
PATCH
the WILD

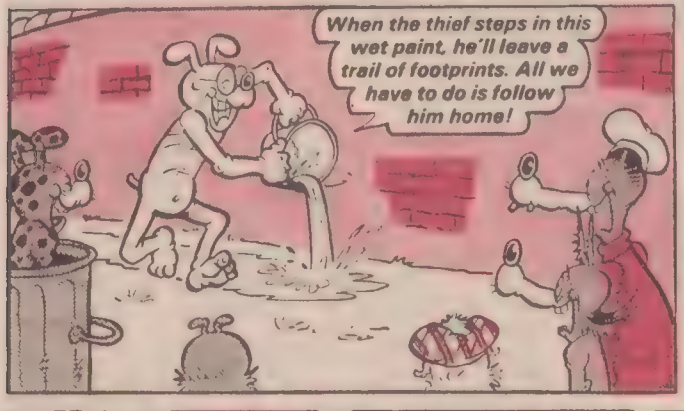
I'm hungry! Think I'll have a quick snack!
HUNK'S PRIVATE FOOD SUPPLY CLEAR OFF!

HEY! All my grub's been scoffed!

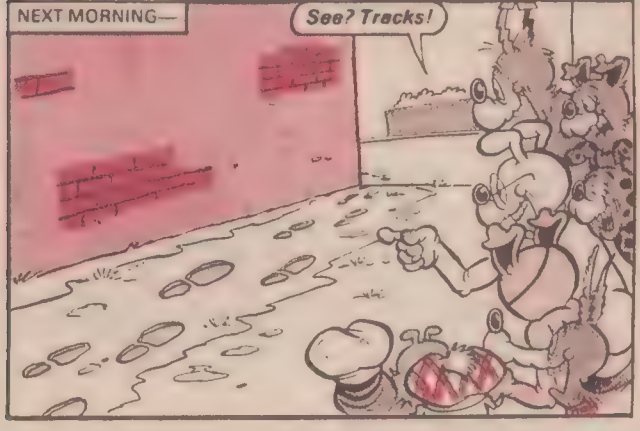
Okay, then. Which one of you has been sneffling my nosh?
N-no one, Hunk. Honest!


In fact, all OUR grub's been stolen too!
Sorry, Rovers!

SO—
I've got an idea how to catch the thief— at least to find out who it is!
WHITE PAINT


When the thief steps in this wet paint, he'll leave a trail of footprints. All we have to do is follow him home!

THAT NIGHT—
SNORE


NEXT MORNING—
See? Tracks!

Good ol' Magnus. We'll soon see who the culprit is!
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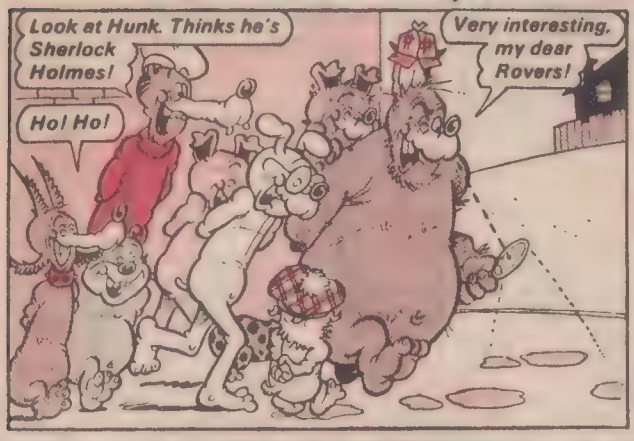
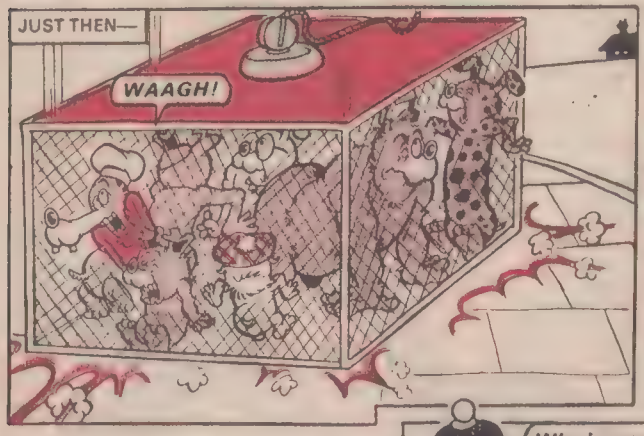
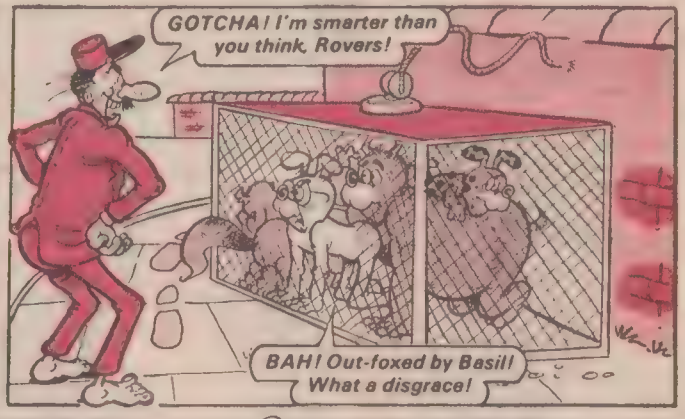
ROVERS

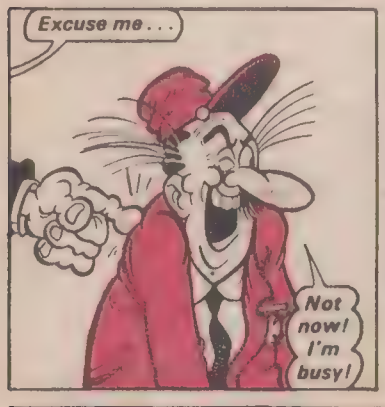
DOGSBODY
HUNK
TAFF
MAGNUS PEEK


Look at Hunk. Thinks he's Sherlock Holmes!
Ho! Ho!
Very interesting, my dear Rovers!

SUDDENLY—
ERK! The footprints have stopped!


JUST THEN—
WAAGH!


GOTCHA! I'm smarter than you think, Rovers!
BAH! Out-foxed by Basil! What a disgrace!


Excuse me . . .
Not now! I'm busy!

Who is responsible for those marks on the pavement?
Er . . . um . . . I am!

And who is going to clean 'em up?
Er . . . It wouldn't be me, by any chance, Your Policemanship?

CORRECT!
OOF!
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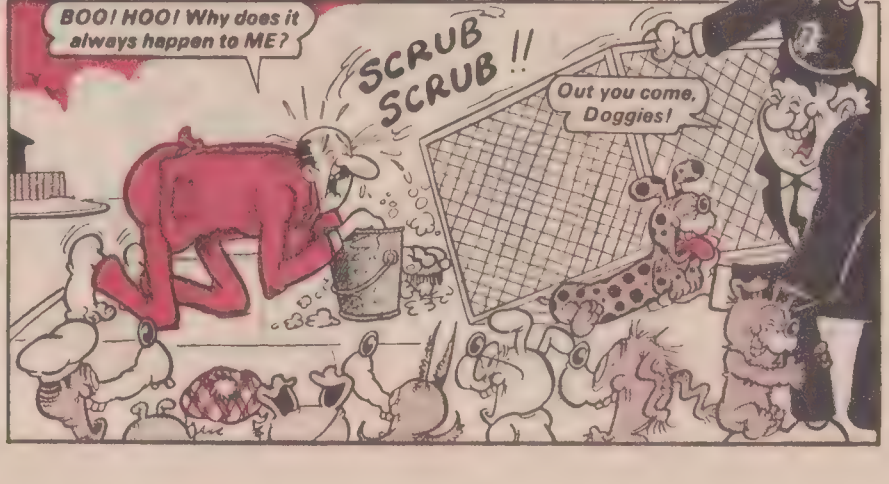
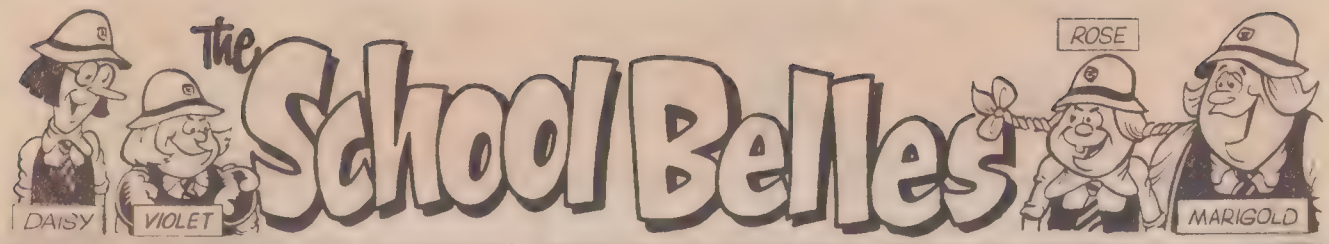
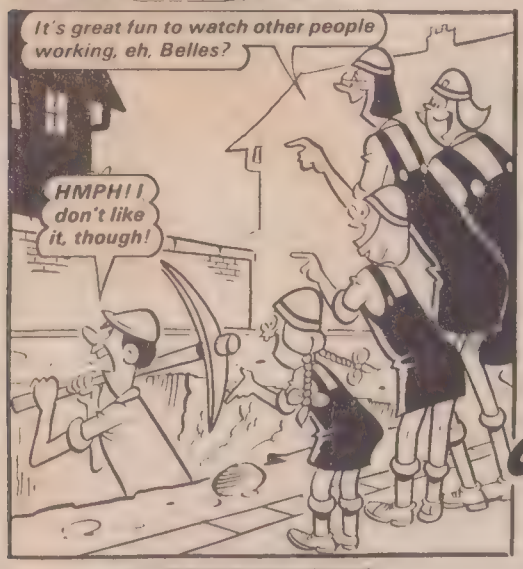
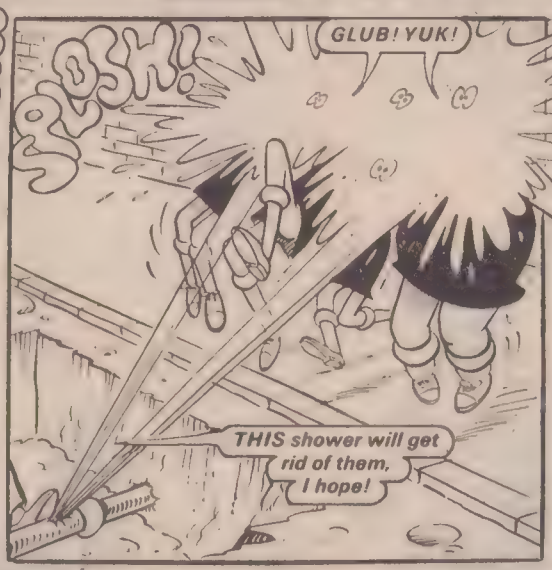
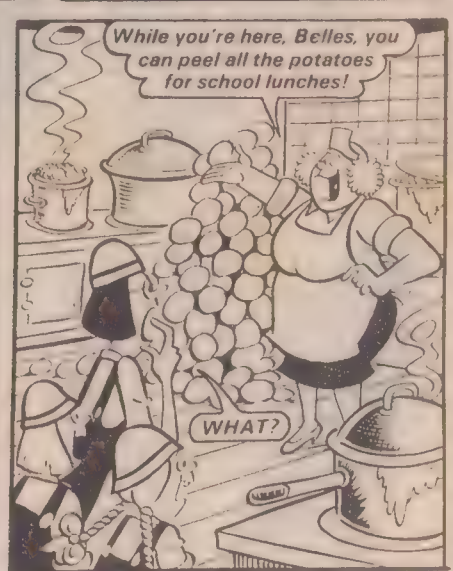

BOO! HOO! Why does it always happen to ME?
SCRUB SCRUB !!
Out you come, Doggies!

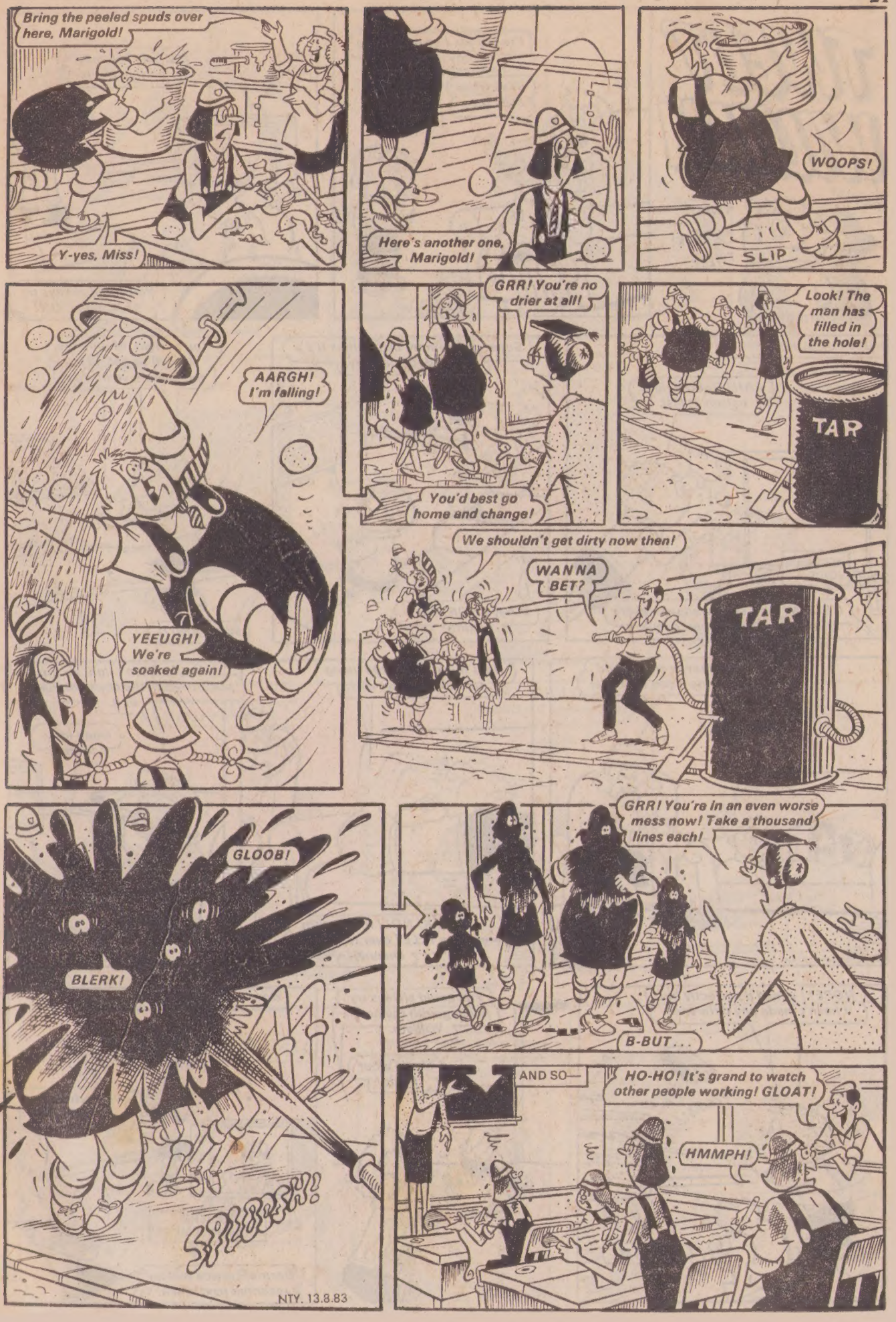
The School Belles










Bring the peeled spuds over here, Marigold!
Y-yes, Miss!
Here's another one, Marigold!
WOOPS!
SLIP
AARGH! I'm falling!
YEEUGH! We're soaked again!
GRR! You're no drier at all!
You'd best go home and change!
Look! The man has filled in the hole!
TAR
We shouldn't get dirty now then!
WANNA BET?
TAR
GLOOB!
BLERK!
SPLOOSH!
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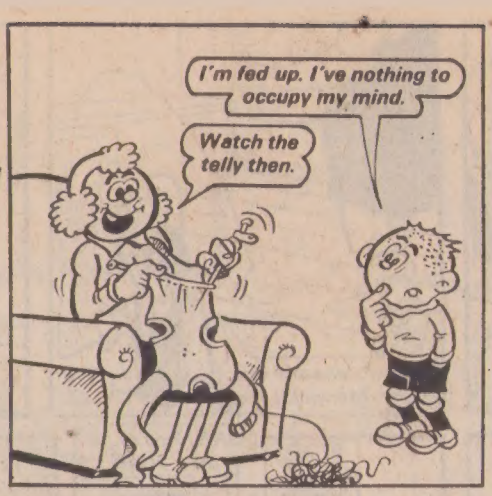
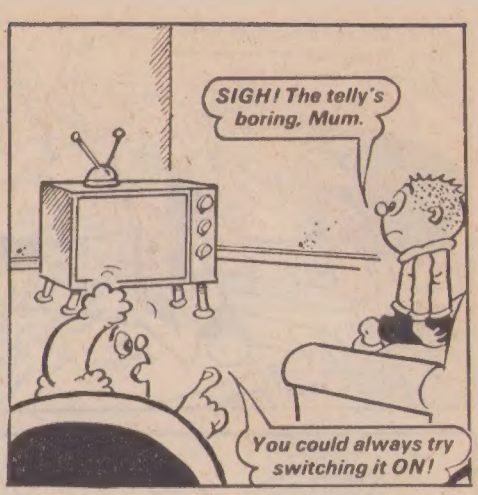
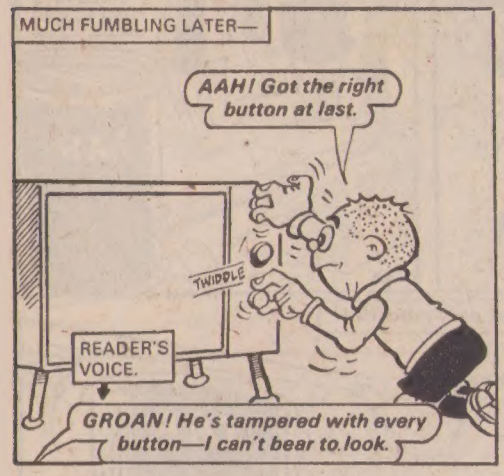
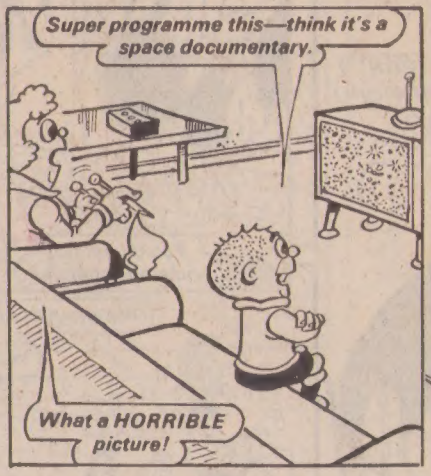
GRR! You're in an even worse mess now! Take a thousand lines each!
B-BUT...
AND SO—
HO-HO! It's grand to watch other people working! GLOAT!
HMMPH!

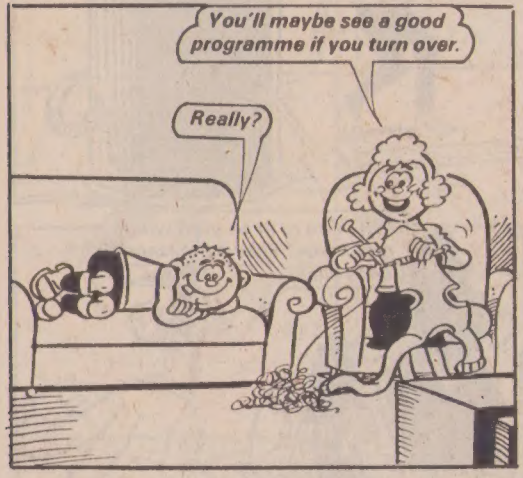
TWEET WILLIAM

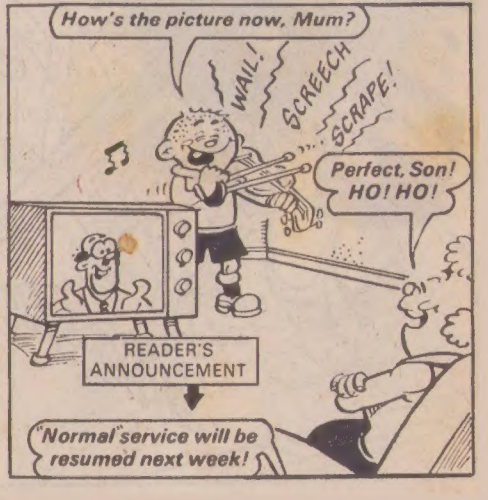





MUCH FUMBLING LATER—
AAH! Got the right button at last.
TWIDDLE
READER'S VOICE.
GROAN! He's tampered with every button—I can't bear to look.







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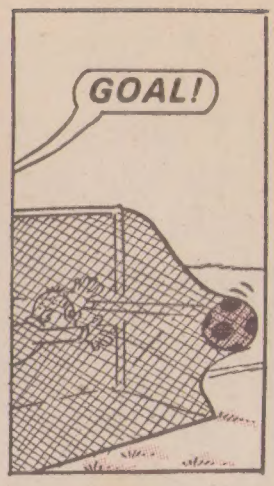
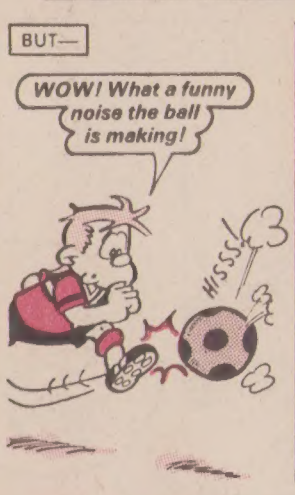
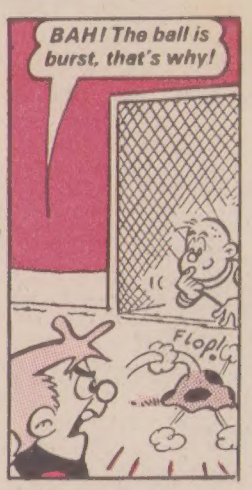
Cannonball Kid

HE'S FOOTBALL CRAZY







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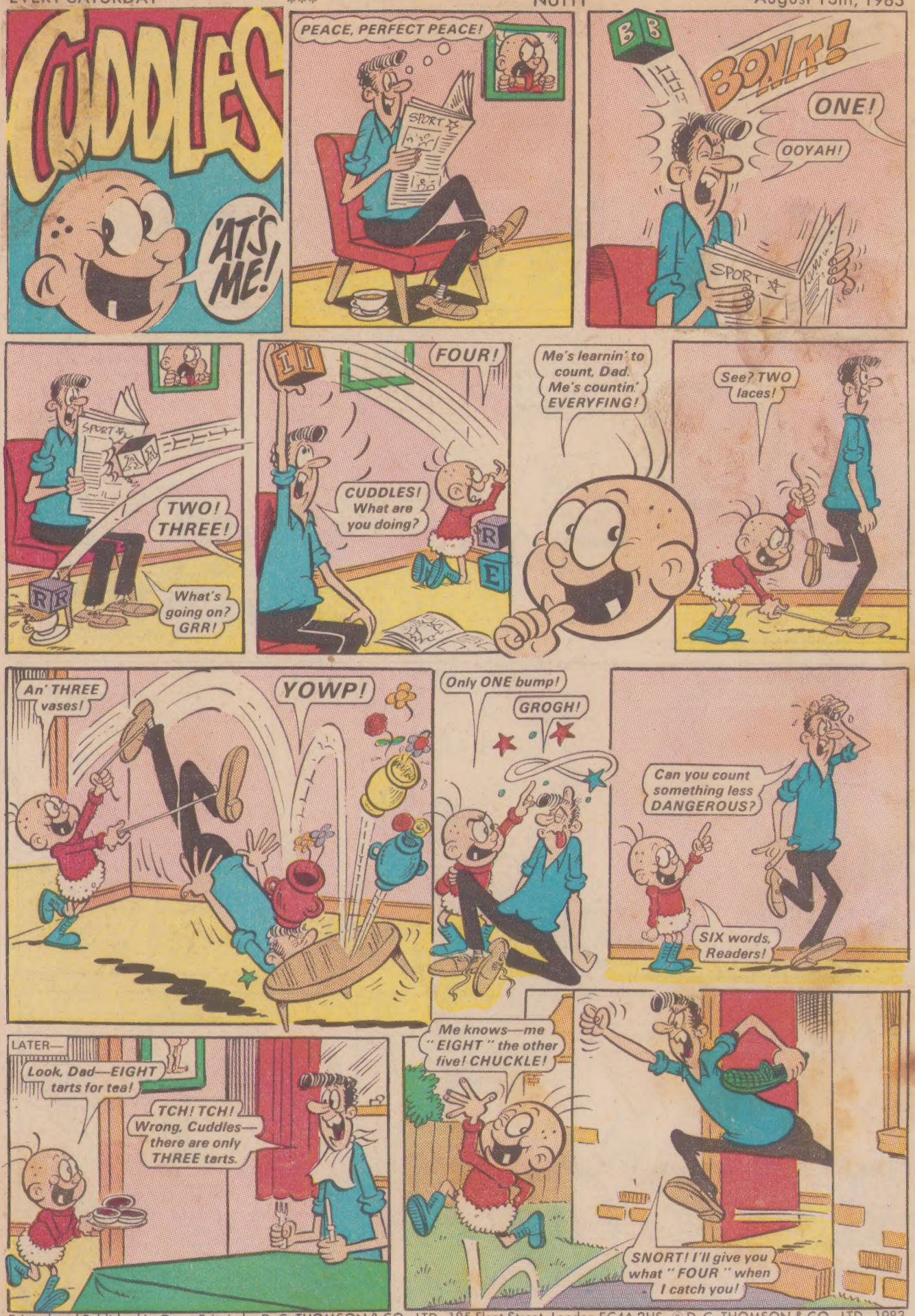

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